LYRICS OF THE PAST

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

M. EMMA KNAPP.

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO THE

INHABITANTS OF MY NATIVE PROVINCE,

NEW BRUNSWICK.

INTRODUCTION.

It is with no vain desire to emulate the fine talents, and rare intellectual productions of the shining stars of Genius, who are reflecting a glorious halo of radiance around the earth at the present time, or presumptuously claim for myself even the most humble place amid those who command the homage of an admiring world, that I offer this little volume to the people of my native Province, indulging the hope that, with considerate kindness, they will overlook the errors which, I well know, will but too frequently mark its pages.

I would have them bear in mind, that many of the verses were written when scarcely past the period of childhood, and inspired only by thoughts of home and home-associations, and an admiration for all that is romantic and lovely in the wild scenery on the shores of the Chignecto. In this vast solitude, commemorated by reminiscences of the past, there is much to awaken feelings of sublimity; and with the burning eloquence of a Moore or Byron, and the wonderfully beautiful descriptive powers of a Longfellow or Bryant, I might have done a spot, so fraught with interest, full

justice. If I had been endowed with the gifts, so generously bestowed by the greatest of all Authors, on the souls of those who have left an immortal record forevermore, then, indeed, the efforts now so poor—so unworthy—might have been crowned by success, and shed an almost magical influence over the hearts of the inhabitants of this, my native country,—so much beloved, so endeared by holy and precious memories of by-gone days, and merit the approval I would sacrifice much to obtain. Falling short of all this, I can only ask their toleration for an attempt so inefficient, and shall feel doubly repaid if the compositions, however imperfect, will serve to pass away an idle hour, or awaken a pleasant thought in the minds of my readers.

I would offer grateful thanks to the friends who subscribed for my book before it was published.

THE AUTHOR.

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LYRICS OF THE PAST.

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

The fisherman's cot was on the beach,
His boat upon the sea;
One gentle daughter blest his home,
With a heart so light and free—

And a buoyant step, that brushed the dew
In its light and buoyant tread,
From off the wild-flower's fragrant bloom,
As it raised its graceful head.

On the summer morn, as she gaily tripped
O'er heath and meadow wild,
And haply trilled some lightsome song,
While the sunbeams o'er her smiled

And cast bright shades 'mid the golden crown
  Upon her lovely head,
And o'er the gentle placid brow
  A glory seemed to shed.

She sat by her father's knee at night,
  And heard the tempest roar.
While he told some well-remembered tale
  Of wrecks, on the wild sea-shore;

And lifeless forms, cast on the rocks,
  That met his startled sight,
As he went forth in early morn,
  When the storm had spent its might.

Man's stalwart form, and children too,
  With maidens young and fair,—
The bright eyes set in stony gaze
  And look of last despair.

And oft she looked on the ocean calm,
  And watched the ships' pass by,
With snowy sails, and stately grace,
  Beneath the soft blue sky.

No clouds to obscure their onward course;
The wave's low surgeless sound,—
And a precious freight of longing hearts,
In their gladness homeward bound.

One night the storm raged long and loud,
She heard the sea's wild roar,
And knew that many a noble bark
Would never reach the shore.

The sky was black, the thunder's voice
Rolled hoarsely through the air,
The maiden and her father knelt
With heads bowed low in prayer

For those exposed upon the deep
In such a dreadful hour;
Well might they tremble for the ship
That felt that fierce storm's power.

The lightning's flash lit up the sky
To sh w where dark rocks loom,
And make the darkness still more dense
In its terrific gloom.

The storm was o'er. Faint streaks of light
Foretold the coming day;
Their anxious fears foreboded right;
In wild disorder lay

Along the coast the remnants sad,
Of such a fearful night,
For many a wreck that strewed the shore,
Told the gale's withering blight.

But one alone the tempest spared—
But one outlived the storm;
The fisherman, with tender care,
Bore home a senseless form,

And watched and tended till the breath
Returned to it again,
Until youth's vital current strong
Was coursing through each vein.

But many a day he wildly raved,
Of shipwrecks on the main;
A soft hand cooled his fevered brow,
And soothed his hours of pain.

His garments rich, the sea had drenched
And dimmed with many a stain,
Revealed him one who claimed a place
In fortune's favoured train.

Had he been of the friendless poor,
Without a home or name;
The humble hearts of guileless worth
Had tended him the same.

When health returned he lingered still
Within the rustic cot,
And scarcely realized the charm
That chained him to the spot.

But soon he learned to watch a look
Upon the young girl's face,
A look of radiant happiness
Wherein he well might trace

First-love awakening in a soul,
Unschooled by fashion's art,
Unfeigned, sincere, where not one thought
Of self claimed any part.

With transport listening to the words,
Like music soft and sweet,
The words that told her she was loved
And made her bliss complete.

Whene'er the South-wind whispered low,
And calmly flowed the tide,
Upon the water's placid swell
The light boat they would guide,

And watch the bright fish at their play,
With bursts of glad delight;
Then dip their oars that they might see
The phosphorescent light.

Then he would tell her of his home—
Of splendour, wealth and pride,
Where she should reign a peerless queen
When she became his bride:

Her hair adorned with glittering gems,
Emitting dazzling light;
Though in their lustre eyes like her's
Would only shine more bright.

He claimed descent in lineal right
From nobles, proud and vain,
Who every peril dauntless braved,
High honours still to gain.

He loved the gentle Mary,—knew
Her good as she was fair,
But still a gulf divided them,
And pride had placed it there.

He for a time all things forgot,
By one so loved to stay;
The hours upborne on wings of love
Flew joyously away.

Ah! it was cruel, thus to win
A heart so fresh and pure,
Then cast it back in careless scorn,
And blight it evermore:

Deceive the trusting innocence,
That knows no second birth:
To pluck a flower with reckless hand,
Then cast it on the earth.

Autumn its changing tints had thrown
Upon each tree-crowned hill;
The parting song of birds was heard,
And silent flowed each rill—

That bubbling ran in summer glee
So sunny, free and glad;
The coming winter shed its gloom,
And wakened feelings sad.

Within the heart that trusted still,
Though many days had flown
Since breathing vows of endless love,
He left her there alone.

Through many months no tidings came;
She watched and waited long;
In the once happy cottage-home
Was hushed the merry song

That cheered the aged father when
He home returned at night,
To meet the cheerful loving smile
That made his heart so bright.

He missed it now, and felt within
A strange and nameless dread,
And knew a dark cloud hovered o'er
His darling's gentle head.

He read upon the lovely face
That paler grew each day,
The hope which, until then sustained,
Forever past away.

The buoyant step was languid now,
Its motion weak and slow;
The azure eyes were dim with tears
That told of secret woe.

At starlight hour she often gazed
Across the waters lone;
And started when some sail drew nigh:
Perhaps he yet might come.

In vain she listened for his step
Along the sand-paved shore,
Where last she heard his parting tread;
But he returned no more.

The flowers of summer bloomed again.
One, beautiful and fair,
Could know no second blossoming;
It slowly withered there.

The wind sighed low in plaintive moan,
Bright stars shone overhead;
While, in a home now desolate,
An old man mourned his dead.

He raised the sunny curls that fell
O'er waxen neck and brow,
And cried in accents of despair,
"Methinks I see thee now,

"Before the traitor's poisonous breath
Had blighted all thy bloom;
Before the serpent's fatal charm
Had lured thee to thy doom.

"Oh! may a curse rest over him,
Pursuing all his life,
To turn his cup of bliss to gall,
And mingle it with strife.

"Cursed when he rises up at morn,
When he lies down at eve;
Nip every prospect in the bud,
Nor yet one pleasure leave.

"My ruined home! and he I saved,
From out the arms of death;
Would he had perished where he lay,
Ere I restored his breath.

"For boon of life this the return!"
And then he fondly pressed
Warm kisses on the beauteous cheek,
So peacefully at rest.

The curse was borne on wings of night,
Unto the stately hall;
Where the revel's-lord was feasting high,
Without one thought to pall.

He raised the foaming glass on high,
To drink to his young bride;
When a strange vision came between,
Obscuring all beside.

Within a coffin peaceful lay
One who had loved him well;
Amid the festive music sweet
He heard a funeral knell.

The glass fell from his heavy hand,
In fear he turned away;
All objects faded from his view,
Save one eventful day,

When he woke to life and saw a face,
Like angel's, heavenly, mild;
And o'er him bent with tender care
The fisher's gentle child.

And from that hour he found no rest
In his luxurious home;
In every breeze he heard a voice,
Like a spirit's wailing moan.

He sought for peace in other lands,
The peace he ne'er could find;
A gloom pervading every scene
In the unquiet mind.

A haunting influence on him still,
Where'er he restless turned;
The scorching fire of deep remorse,
His soul incessant burned.

Honours, for which he vainly toiled,
He saw another win;
So retribution follows fast,
Upon the steps of sin.

His daughters, in their early bloom,
The grave shut from his sight;
His son, his hope, his joy and pride,
Proved coward in the fight.

Dark shadows gathered faster still,
More sullen grew his mood;
Where'er he went by night and day,
The dreadful curse pursued.

A disappointed, wretched man,
He lived out half his days;
Was placed within his sculptured tomb,
Without one word of praise.

One step from off the beaten path,
Once deviate from the right;
The honoured course that good men tread,
And blessings take their flight.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

A mother bent in agony,
Above her lifeless child,
"Oh! Father give her back to me,"
She cried in accents wild:
"With her merry childish glee, the sunbeam of my home,
Ah! wherefore did'st thou call her hence, and leave me here alone?

"And has she gone! forever gone!
My precious little flower;
The light that o'er my spirit shone,
The rose-bud of Life's bower?
I cannot,—cannot give her up! bid this wild grief be still,
With resignation meek submit unto my Maker's will."

'Twas sunset in the lonely room,
Where wept that mourner pale;
Amid the silence and the gloom
Arose the bitter wail.
While the bereaved in hopeless sorrow wept,
In calm repose the lovely infant slept.

Nought broke the stillness there,
Save the sound of human woe;
She would not bow her soul in prayer,
God's mercy could not know:
Who took her darling in His perfect love,
From every care to dwell with Him above.

Whence comes that glorious ray
That dazzles the weeper's sight,
Brightening the spot where her treasure lay,
With a glare of effulgent light?
The sombre shades in an instant fled,
And a radiant halo shone 'round the dead.

And within the burning glow,
An angel form stood there,
With a starry crown upon his brow
That gleamed in the golden hair:
And the sound of his voice on the listener's ear,
In its harp-like tones, thrilled her soul to hear.

"Thou can'st not submit to Heaven's decree,
Sad mourner, for thy child;
For consolation, follow me,"
He said, and sweetly smiled.

While fascinated by his gaze, she had no power to stay,
The seraph with a holy grace in silence led the way—

Till they reached a flowery dale,
And paused by a limpid stream,
Whose waters rippled with the gale,
'Neath the noon-day's sunny beam:
For night had given place to day,
Since they left the room where the dead child lay.

The angel spoke once more:
"Look down," he said, "in the stream,
Learn—while her loss thou dost deplore—
What thy darling's fate had been,
If granted thy sinful prayer could be,
And the beauteous cherub restored to thee."

O'er the sparkling waters she eagerly bent,
And a vision met her view,
'Twas such as to our dreams are sent,
But more distinct and true:
Scenes rose in quick succession, as we sometimes see in sleep,
And grief was for a while forgot, in interest strange and deep:

Before her is a glittering hall,
With lovely things and rare,
But the pride of the brilliant festival
Was a maiden young and fair,—
With hope and trust in the soft dark eyes,
As her fairy feet through the gay dance flies.

And one was near her,—ever near,
With an air of martial pride;
What was it that made the watcher fear
For the fair girl by his side?
'Neath the noble exterior, and matchless grace,
The wiles of the tempter she only can trace.

The guileless heart can know no fear,
As she lists to each loving word;
They fall in melody rich on her ear,
Far sweeter than aught she has heard.
In joy and love pass the fleeting hours,
But thorns are concealed in the blooming flowers.

The hall has vanished,—in its place
Is a scene on a foreign shore,
There's many an unfamiliar face,
In a land never seen before,—

With a perfume of roses, and clear blue sky,
And white-sailed boats on the bright river lie.

Relics are there of the days gone by,
Structures superb and grand,
As they rise in grandeur on the eye,
Bespeak Italia's land!
The pride of the artist, the home of art,
But no resting place for a broken heart.

The once glad being is there alone,
In a dark and cheerless room;
Ah! why does she breathe a heartfelt groan,
In that clime of light and bloom?
The hectic flush, and the burning tears,
Reveal the sorrows of many long years.

Oh! what a wreck of the joyous past—
A picture of earthly grief;
We lay up treasures that cannot last,
Nor in anguish bring relief:
When in idols of clay are placed fond trust,
Too late they are found to be mouldering dust.

She is far from her early home—
The mountains free and wild,
Where she never dreamed of care to come,
And sported a happy child:
With gay wreaths entwined in her chestnut hair,
They were needless adornments for beauty rare.

The sunny curls are mixed with gray,
Long—long before their time;
Youth's beauty early fades away,
At the touch of sin and crime:
Her broken accents the sad tale conveyed,
Wildly she murmured, "dishonoured! betrayed!"

With languid motion she rises up,
Approaches a marble stand,—
Upon it glistens a golden cup,
Which she grasps with a trembling hand;
Perchance a love-gift of her happiest days,
It brilliantly shone in the sun's bright rays;—

She looked on it sadly,
With soul-passion tossed,
It reminded too madly
Of all she had lost;

'Twas a mockery now, and containing a draught,
Which she placed to her lips and hurriedly quaffed.

"There is no rest for me again
On all this glorious earth;
Could I endure a lingering pain,
Doomed from my very birth—
No hope remains!" she wildly cried. "Oh! God, my guilt forgive!"
And with the words of deep despair, the lost one ceased to live.

Her seraph-guide, from that fearful trance,
The mother gently woke,—
She turned to meet his heavenly glance
As the silence again he broke:
"Now understand why the precious one is called from thy loving care;
The Crown of Life, she hath early won—gained heaven—thou'lt meet her there.

"She is gone in her innocent childhood, pure,
From the 'evil still to come,'
In a Saviour's arms to rest evermore,
May His holy will be done:

"Within the Everlasting Arms, the lost one shalt thou see,
For thy Redeemer still hath said—'Suffer them to come to me.'"

"To my sweet babe's loss I am resigned,"
The weeper smiled through her tears;
"Light dawns within my darkened mind,
She is safe from doubts and fears,—
Free from all grief, and sin, and pain,
I would not have her back again."

A VILLAGE TALE.

Part I.

The incidents from which this mournful tale is drawn,
Transpired long years ago; my memory's early morn
Recalls no artful fiction, but a simple "o'wre true tale,"
To make the sunny cheek of youth, with interest sad, grow pale:
The scenes occurred lang 'syne, in a hamlet famed of yore;
Oh, wildly dark Chignecto! bound by thy sea-girt shore.
'Twas marked in ages past, by heroic deeds sublime,
A spot of quiet beauty, in the pleasant summer time:
With its extensive range of sea and land,
Which stretches wide across the level strand,
And the dismantled fort, that takes the stranger's eye,
And causes him to question of its use in times gone by:
The ancient monument, it stands of war-like deeds of old,
In its defence, on winter nights, strange legends still are told.
From the seat of deadly conflict, in the long past olden days,
There is a view so beautiful, you might forever gaze;

The place so peaceful now, once heard the cannon's roar,
As the ominous sound vibrated along the northern shore.
The hills rest in their calm repose, and silence reigns around,
We scarce can deem that war once raged 'mid stillness so profound,
Or the warrior's footsteps echoed, as he rushed to meet the foe;
Oft have I paused in reverent awe, where brave men slept below,
And thought of bright eyes dimmed by tears for those who ne'er returned;
Of many a joyous home, the light—the loved—the lost—the mourned.
Ancestral ties must bind my heart to memory of the brave,
Who left a land of harvests rich to gain a nameless grave;
Their loyalty supported them, when in the forest lone,
And in the march, through savage wilds, it bore them nobly on.
Within a sylvan glade, 'neath the shade of waving trees,
Where wild flowers bloom and songs of birds are borne upon the breeze,
The heroine of my story passed her glad unclouded youth,

Nor sighed to leave the blest abode of innocence and truth.
She was a lovely being, although not passing fair,
Gifted with beauty of the mind, and free from sin and care;
And she was loved, the gentle girl, by all who knew her
well,
For soul how pure! and lofty thought! within that soul
did dwell;
A woman's richest treasures had adorned her tranquil lot.
Youth, hope, and peace, the world by her unknown and
yet unsought;
The holy influence of a happy home,
Brightened by love, forbade the wish to roam.

As time went on a change came o'er her quiet life's repose,
She woke to love, but better far, have slumbered to the
close;
The pictures wrought by Fancy bright into existence grew,
Resplendent visions formed by joy rose on her rapturous
view;
The ideal of ecstatic dreams had won her heart's first love,
A youth of noble mien, to her all others far above.
But how shall I describe him,—it is an arduous task,
And one I fain would shrink from,—he wore a specious
mask,

With a high and stately bearing, well suited for command,
His lot was far from noble, 'mid the humble of his land.
Unlike his gentle lady-love, he dreamed of future state,
And saw himself admired, caressed, the idol of the great;
With matchless eloquence he'd charm the ever fickle crowd,
Till to his wond'rous mental power the proudest hearts were bowed.
Yes! he would reach the summit high of his aspiring pride;
To attain earth's brilliant honours he could even cast aside
The faith and truth that ever shine upon the page of Time—
The true nobility of man, that make a life sublime:
Why should he hesitate to break all pure and sacred ties
That bind the good and generous soul, if he could only rise?
A sacrifice Ambition claims,—wise men still think the same,
And trusting hearts are trampled on the road that leads to fame.
Such was the man beloved so well—ambitious, proud and cold—
Who won a heart more precious far than India's mines of gold;

High-souled and true—within her heart his image was enshrined,
She worshipped wildly with the strength of such a perfect mind.
The hour of parting came at last, to give the first deep grief,
To one the pleasures of whose life were doomed to be so brief;
Casting dark shadows o'er the blissful past,
With all the gladsome hours that might not last;
For he, to whom her every thought was given,
Who stood between her and her hope of heaven,
Must leave awhile Acadia's much-loved shore,
And other lands, to gain a name, explore;
If doubts arose that, 'mid the brilliant lot
Where Destiny placed him, she might be forgot;
Her form replaced by fairer, statelier maid,
Decked with rare gems, in Fashion's robe arrayed;
She trusted still in God, and hushed the thought,
Light fled her pathway, but she murmured not;
Her pleasant sunny smile, still in her home was seen,
And every duty was performed as it had ever been.
At intervals, came letters from old England's classic shore;

He spoke of unchanged constancy till they should meet
once more;
Indifferently he wandered, where Wealth's rich gifts were
strewn,
His memory's brightest spot, on earth, contained but her
alone;
Dark eyes might dazzle with effulgence clear,
To him her mild expression was more dear,
Like heaven's soft stars, her face shone o'er each dream,
Soul-lit and radiant with affection's beam.
Four times had winter's mantle been spread with chilling
gloom,
And four successive seasons marked the rose's glorious
bloom,
Since last they parted, in that lone and pleasant little
glen;
How wearisome to her the years that intervened since
then;
For in Time's course dark clouds began to gather o'er her
way,
Gloomy forebodings in her mind, excluded Hope's bright
ray;
But love still o'er her guileless mind could shed its holy
power,—

The hallowing influence cheered her on through many a weary hour;
" He would return, once more return! to bless her longing sight!"
And at the thought of future bliss, her step with joy was light;
Devotion's inspiration high, gave radiance to her mien,
Such pure affection—Heaven's alone—on earth is rarely seen;
No evanescent passion her's, to feel the touch of time,
It could endure through every wrong, e'en suffering or crime;
Blest by his love, the world had nought to fear,
Affection's smile, the humblest home could cheer.
Woman's devoted love oft meets a poor return:
Strange that the precious gem should win neglect, and scorn.
But he returned at last;—The youth in manhood's pride,
With knowledge, priceless knowledge, worth all the world beside;
The scholar's sure reward, crowned with success he came,
The wise foresaw a future, replete with wealth and fame,
Ambition's projects had replaced the love of other days.

Yes, all was changed! his native plains he viewed with strange amaze,
And marvelled much that they had e'er possessed a charm for him;
The prospect was a dreary one, it looked obscure and dim;
And pastures green, where he had mused in boyhood's sweet romance,
Passed unobserved before his view, nor claimed a casual glance;
But still her greeting was returned, by one as kind and warm,
She could not see above her head, the dark impending storm,
And she was spared a few more days of gladness and delight
Before the one star of her life had faded into night.
Again they sought familiar haunts, when hours of toil were done,
And with a heart too full for voice, beheld the setting sun,—
The varying clouds, fit emblems of our ever changing years.
Why is a world so beautiful, obscured by sin and tears?
He gazed into the downcast eyes, whence timid glances came,

And felt, for such a treasure, he might well relinquish
fame;
Not long ascendant good resolves—all efforts were in
vain
To free himself—Ambition's power had bound him with
a chain;
Within her fearful prison-house he was a captive still,
All must give way before the force of such a mighty
will.

"I cannot mar my prospects, though her love were worth
them all,
I must be great, though even friends conspire to make
me fall:
Though gentle—good—a prouder brow the bridal wreath
must twine,
A step more regal still must tread luxurious halls of mine,
Her gen'rous soul would ne'er assist—all else I must dis-
own
Save rank and power."—The sinful words were heard
by heaven alone.
In after years, they in his soul like fiery embers burned,
When from the pleasures of this life, in deep despair he
turned;

When the syren voice of Fame for him had lost it's
witching sound,
The Senate's state had little charm, when all too late he
found
Ambition's road a dreary waste, where roses hide the
thorns,
And gentle flowers of Love and Truth the pathway ne'er
adorns.

A VILLAGE TALE.

PART II.

"Talents, angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false Ambition's hand."

Forever gone! thy happy fleeting hours,
Blest childhood's ever glad and sunny days;
The birds sing sweeter songs, and earth's fair flowers
Wear richer bloom beneath the sun's bright rays,
Than in the years of after life when sin's dark shadows
cast
Their gloom upon the landscape gay, too beautiful to last,

I well remember now a summer day, with clear blue sky,
The air with perfume laden as the hours went dancing by,
A place of perfect beauty seemed the world to me, a child,
As I admiring gazed around with rapture almost wild:
Ye glide into my musings oft dear scenes of long ago,
A tranquil influence hath the dreams of hours so free from woe.
They led me to a darkened room—a change from light and mirth,
Where lay a lifeless form—it told how vain the hopes of earth,
For Death his impress stern had set on marble cheek and brow,
And the light within the close-shut eyes was quenched forever now;
The flowers she loved, in life, kind hands had strewn upon her breast,
And they sweetly shed their fragrance above her couch of rest—
True symbols of the blameless life begun anew in Heaven,
And perfect rest that God above hath to his angels given.
The wasted hands were folded o'er the heart now free from pain.
"After life's fever she slept well,"—never to wake again.

I questioned of her early fate, the answer given was brief:
"She loved and was deserted—'tis a tale of woe and grief."
With tears they laid her in her grave, amid the early blest,
Far better to rejoice that she had gained immortal rest;
Our Heavenly Father, from on high, beholds each sinful deed,
"Vengeance is mine," He will requite with Retribution's meed.
'Twas even so. This man's career was all he had designed,
The sacrifice was not in vain, the world's rich gifts to find;
Years in their flight gave honours to the ones already won,
'Twas his to gain whate'er "his eye desired beneath the sun."
A wife with queenly grace, for him a fitting mate,
Her mind accorded with his own, aspiring to be great,
Grandeur and exaltation marked the splendour of his lot,
He little dreamed he e'er should feel they were too dearly bought,
Or they would fail when Conscience woke the thought of guilt and fear,
When the gentle voice of one he wronged was ever in his ear.

And from his restless couch he'd start to wake and wildly
rave :
" That look of suffering on her face will haunt me to my
grave."
He strove to shut it from his view, but still 'twas ever
there,
In festive halls it yet pursued, in penance, vigil, prayer :
All he achieved was worthless then, his mind was in the
past,
The long grass waved o'er her lowly grave, but she was
avenged at last.

ON SEEING MRS. M——'S PORTRAIT FOR THE FIRST TIME AFTER HER DEATH.

"Thine eyes are charmed—thine earnest eyes—
Thou image of the dead!
A spell within thy sweetness lies,
A virtue thence is shed."—HEMANS.

How is it I behold thee now,
Long lost to mortal view,
Wearing a beauty all thine own,
The high-souled and the true?

With lustrous eye of cloudless blue,
Which seems to mock at change,
They placed thee in thy silent home;
To see thee here seems strange.

That grave expression on thy face,
I've often seen, dear friend,
When thou did'st grieve for worldly sin,
Foreseeing well the end,

Awaiting those who scorn reproof,
From loving lips and kind;
Sincere thy soul, with purpose true,
And purity of mind.

The golden gleam upon thy hair,
In its luxuriant wave,—
And features with their pensive grace,
Art's power alone can save.

Oh, wondrous Art! that can preserve
The loved and lost so well;
To bless once more the longing heart
And wear a holy spell,

Until we meet thee in the realm,
Of never fading bloom,—
And hear the angel accents sweet,
Now silent in the tomb.

THE HALLS OF THE PAST.

The halls of the past are spacious and grand,
And they tower high o'er the shadowy land,
Where fair ships are stranded or wrecked by the gale
That wildly sweeps o'er the desolate vale—
The ships that were laden with Hope's purpose high,
And all that is lovely in youth's sunny sky.
Ah! mournful indeed are the shipwrecks of life,
Destroyed by the tempests of love, sin or strife,
With pure spirits crushed, and withered, and dead,
While by-gone blest hours wail a dirge over-head.
They are strangely peopled, the vast gloomy halls,
And no voices resound through their lonely walls,
An assemblage so mixed in the dim light is seen,
A hush and a silence where light feet have been.
A mother is blessing the boy at her knee,
Before he goes forth earth's wonders to see;
With reverent grace he is kissing her brow,
Ere entering the vessel with "Hope at the prow."
At anchor it waits on the turbulent stream,

Flowing on to the Future that distant doth gleam,
And oft in the dreams of the hurrying years,
Hath he thought in sadness, 'mid cares and fears,
On the voyage of Life, of that mother's face
Which shines from the Past with its gentle grace.
A fair young girl is dreaming near,
With an innocent brow, serene and clear,
Her bright locks crowned with the valley's gem,
That meekly bends on its fragile stem,—
A symbol meet of the early doom,
Of those who depart in their beauty's bloom:
For the happy and blest is the queenly rose,
That in stately splendour its perfume throws
O'er Nature's breast in her summer prime,
While the glad earth laughs at the flight of Time.
Her fixed gaze is bent on the rolling sea,
With a longing wish that she there might be;
A loved one roams on the ocean wide,
And he only waits for the rising tide
To bring him back to the happy shore,
Where she will rejoin him to part no more.
We will look again;—she is there, still there,
With the soul-beaming smile and waving hair
That the sea-breeze lifts in its merry play,

The prospect is radiant, and bright and gay.
With the wishes fulfilled of a loving heart,
Hath she borne in the trials of earth no part?
Hath she never turned with a yearning soul,
From the heartless breakers that round her roll,
To the happy time in the far-off years,
So dim and distant 'mid blinding tears?
For love betrayed, and high hopes o'ercast,
Form a contrast sad to the blissful past.

The kingly form, and the jewelled crown, and the feudal lords of old,
Are shining there in armour bright, 'neath canopies of gold,
And the renowned and glorious ones, whose names can never die,
And the queens of song, with the laurel wreath above the forehead high,
Are shining through the mists of Time and shadows of the grave:
In the halls of the Past they have their place—the fair, the bright, the brave.
A backward glance brings to our view, all that hath past away.

The high of earth—the mighty souls now mingling with the clay,
But sadder still the buried hopes that made the world so fair—
The faith deceived and joyous hours that knew no thought of care.

THE MOTHER'S DYING GIFT.

Child! prize thy mother's dying gift, above each earthly thing,
The gift to which, 'mid the cares of life, thy young heart still may cling;
From the hosts of heaven her gentle voice that blest thy early prime,
Still bids thee read the blessed page that can outlive all time.
Earth's stern vicissitudes, I know, awaits thee on thy way,
And ills and change will soon obscure the scenes that erst were gay;

Then sadly wilt thou turn aside, and mourn that flowers
so frail,
Could not outlive the summer sun, the winter's withering
gale.
The early blossoms of the heart that fade, alas! how soon,
Parch'd for the healthy drop of dew, the much desired
boon;
That could give back its freshness bright, its primal
bloom restore,
With fragrance rich, the buds re-fill, that were so sweet
of yore.
The visions, once so pure and fair, will fade from out thy
heart,
The diamond's ray, the jewel's gleam, can never heal the
smart
Of wounds too deep for aught to heal, save the availing
grace,
That shines from hallowed records true—the surest rest-
ing-place.
When friend's betray, then read the hope reflecting
everywhere,
The blessing of a Saviour's love that may glad tidings bear;
When the scorner's hand shall clasp thine own, think on
the words of truth,

Nor let the unbeliever's spell deceive thy tender youth.
There, bright and clear, are shining forth, the promises
so sure,
To lead thee to the land where thou shalt dwell forever-
more;
Where the welcome of a mother dear, awaits thee even
now,
The fadeless wreath her hand hath twined to place upon
thy brow.
Child! prize thy mother's dying gift, above each earthly
thing,
The gift to which, 'mid the cares of life, thy young heart
still may cling.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

The dear old place, where first mine eyes beheld the light
of day,
Must have a magic charm for me, where'er my footsteps
stray;
The house so old, and worn by time, its pristine beauty
fled,
Associations sweet retain, and memories of the dead.

The early dead and aged ones, whose journey to the grave
Was cheered by hope in Him alone, who still hath power to save;
Here hath the *grandsire's tale been told, of many a well-fought field,
The eye that burned with patriot fire, a noble soul revealed.
He told the Moro Castle's siege, of prisons dark and lone,
Of life-blood shed in England's cause, her honour was his own;
Apartments all are sanctified, by warm affection's glow,
And parting words, and vows of love, in whispers soft and low,
Have here been breathed in twilight hour, into the listening ear;
When life was young, and fresh, and new, such things may well endear,
And form bright links to bind the heart, though all may change and fade,
And stern Decay reflect its gloom, where merry children played.
The well-worn path, where joyous feet came bounding gladly on,

* Major Dickson.

With gushing song and merry glee, now gone! forever
gone!
From the dear old haunts they're wandered far, to ne'er
return again,
And stranger hands the absent tend, in hours of care and
pain.
With light hearts we from home depart, nor sigh to bid
adieu,
And seek a clime, with summer skies, and scenes more
bright and new;
But disappointment waits us there, no new-found future
teems
With golden gifts—still far away our El Dorado seems.
Like that adventurous spirit bold, the brave and courteous
knight,
Who sought the wondrous golden land which faded from
his sight
As he drew near; the glorious realm ne'er met his long-
ing gaze,
The ignus fatuus lured him on, and blinded reason's rays.
Soon may be hushed familiar sounds around the home-
stead lone,
Deserted rooms alone will hear the wind's sad wailing
moan;

And cold the hearth, no pleasant blaze upon it cheerful burn,
The ashes dead, and stillness there, which tells of no return.
The ancient tree, with shrunken limbs, like faithful guardian there,
In withered pride, may still adorn the spot so chill and bare;
The garden gate on rusty hinge, the disused moss-grown well,
No cherished flowers, but loathsome weeds, Time's desolations tell.
Still not forgotten by the hearts, once nurtured in its shade,
Though far away, as dear to them, as when their home was made;
Within the walls a shelter pure, from every lurking snare,
Where first the infant knee was bowed before the God of Prayer.
Home of the Past! in countries far my thoughts on thee have been,
And gratefully I've turned to thee in every changing scene;

Thy snow-clad plains rose on my view, beside Ontario's shore,
And when I heard, with speechless awe, Niagara's mighty roar.
Rare flowers bloom in other lands, and silvery rivers flow,
Fanned by the spicy southern gales which gently o'er them blow;
But warm hearts bless with kindly cheer, this northern home of mine,
I would not give New Brunswick cold, for a land of grape and vine.
Nor the homestead old for villa gay, o'erlooking rich parterre,
Fair to the sight, with noble lawn and flowery meadows clear;
The dear old place, where first mine eyes beheld the light of day,
Must have a magic charm for me, where'er my footsteps stray.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Maiden, fair! would'st know thy fate,
And whether born for love or hate:
The future I for thee can read,
Though for my task I claim no meed.
'Tis little worth the presage sad,
That will cast its gloom o'er a heart so glad,
And bow a spirit so proud and high,
While round thee Hope's roses will wither and die,
And clouded the light of thy youth's bright sky,
The journey of life thou dost joyous begin;
It seems smooth and fair and free from sin,—
But before thou treadest far on the way,
Thou wilt feel sharp thorns 'neath flow'rets gay.
The weeds of Care will soon gather around,
And thy footsteps, uncertain, seek dang'rous ground;
Thou wilt learn to mistrust when the trusted deceive,
For faith gone forever, in vain will thou grieve;
And the joys of thy childhood its blossoms so pure,
With innocent day-dreams—no snares to allure,
Ere the voice of the tempter hath power to charm,

And the sting of the serpent could do thee no harm.
How real the awaking from visions like thine,
When once disenchanted despairing thou'lt pine.
Woe, woe! for the doom that o'ershadows thee now,
I can see its dark traces upon thy young brow;
Yes! love's magic words thou wilt treasure too well,
And false smiles beguile thee with faithless spell.
Thou wilt love—thou will worship—the old, old tale,
Of a burning blush on a cheek too pale,—
Like the last red rays of the setting sun,
As it sinks to rest when the day is done.
When the once glad world wears a face of gloom,
Thou wilt, sighing, depart in thy early bloom.
They will make thee a grave in some quiet nook,
Where thy dirge will be sung by some murmuring brook,
And trees with soft shadows bend over the spot—
A refuge from sorrow, and all things forgot.

LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE.

A POEM IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

'Twas a joyous eve, of a glorious fête—
A scene of majesty and royal pride;
The gallant, fair, and noble, all had met
Within the palace halls of joy and mirth,
To chase the hours of night in festive glee.
The sorrowful forgot their sorrows there,
And in the atmosphere of blazing light
The palest cheek assumed a warmer hue;
Voluptuous languor o'er the senses stole,
With breath of perfume borne upon the air,
And music's charm inspired the soul with love.
The fairest form in all that glittering throng,
Was one whose youthful cheek wore roseate flush
And downcast eyes like virgin-martyr's blue;
With soul-enthralling smile, that won all hearts,
Her saint-like loveliness has been described—
As "Christian Venus" of her own fair France.

So pure and modest in its timid grace,
The gold-embroidered robe of spotless white,
And shining curls of bright and waving flow,
Intermixed with wreaths of flowers and lustrous pearls,
With dazzling gems which decked her shoulders fair,
Of fabled price from many an Eastern clime.
But valued more as gifts of faithful love,
Proclaimed her favourite of a mighty king—
The glorious star that ruled a brilliant court;
Magnificent was the display and grand,
And not one thought of sadness there could come
To mar the revel's mirth. Ah! who could trace
The future, dark, reserved for thee fair Queen—
The poet's theme—Louise la Vallière.
Was there a prophet 'mid that radiant crowd,
As thou with buoyant step passed gladly on,
Rejoicing in the love that made thee blest;
Who could foretell the sad and joyless fate
For thee ordained from girlhood's early morn?
All based upon a fabric light and frail
Must perish with all things that perish here.
Unhallow'd bliss success can never know;
The love, unblest by Heaven's approving smile,
Must have a short continuance, fade in gloom.

LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE.

PART II.

" Tout se detruit, tout passè, et le plus tendre
Ne peut d'un même objet se contenter toujours ;
Se passè n'a, point ver d'eternelles amours,—

Ce qui plait aujourd' hui en peu dejours.

Vous m' amiez autre fois, et vous ne m' amiez plus :
Ah ! que mes sentiments sont differens des votres ?
Amour, a qui je dois mon mal et mon bien ;
Que ne lui donnez vous fait le mien comme les autres ?"

LOUISE DE LA VALLIERE

Again 'tis eve, but oh ! how changed the scene,
For now 'twas one within a convent cell.
The sun through grated windows forced its way
And lighted up the rude exterior all,
With humble pallet and the floor so bare.
Before a cross, in sombre robe arrayed,
That well revealed the stern monastic rule,
And marked the order of a Carmelite nun,
A woman knelt with eyes upraised above :
Her splendid dream of life had been but brief,

In penitence, with fervent prayer, she strove
To banish every thought of earthly sin;
But ever as she strove, they conquered still,
And led her back to face the past again—
That glorious past—luxurious and vain.
On carpets soft, her footsteps noiseless fell,
Exotics delicate filled vase of gold,
And artificial founts, with silvery spray,
Reflected marble forms of beauty there;
All works of Art, and toys to please the eye,
From many a land to deck the bright retreat
Of one so loved—the idol of a day,
That had too swiftly flown and night came on,
While yet she revelled in a dream of joy.
"Father," she cried, "forgive thy erring child,
Grant her that peace the world can ne'er bestow;
Oh! let this cell, so cheerless, cold and rude,
Be entrance blest to thy divine abode—
The home of saints, and I will not repine
That fate hath led me here, in hour of woe.
For all things trusted now desert and fail,
A rival's smile hath robbed me of his love;
'Twas sinful! erring! but, how constant! true,
I could have braved with him the lowliest lot;

Worthless a kingdom, if unshared with him.
How wild the hope, that one so noble, high,
With stately form and proud majestic brow,
Where Beauty sits as 'twere her fitting throne,
Could bind his heart to one whose fading charms
Hath felt the impress of Time's withering touch,
As merciless he sweeps o'er lovely things,
Blighting and blasting in his onward course."
The peace of mind, the broken spirit sought,
Was gained at last, as weary years rolled on,
The healing balm to cure a wounded heart;—
In meek submission, bending to the will,
Which caused the wondrous change within her soul;
And when her haughty rival's foot profaned,
Her sacred solitude of peaceful rest,
She, too, had found the world was not so fair
As erst she deemed. With doubting wonder gazed
Upon the holy face so calm and mild,
And question asked if happiness was there?
Within the sanctuary, opened wide
To all who seek asylum in its walls,—
The poor, the earth-worn, and the erring soul.
The meek-eyed nun replied with candid grace:
"The happiness of earth can ne'er be mine,

But I have found content in useful deeds
And wait with patience till the end is won,
Ordained for those who suffer here below,
To expiate their sins against just God;
Severe the ordeal, but repentance true
Conducts us to His throne."

MY BIRTHDAY.

My birthday! thou comest,
  And I greet thee, but with tears,
How different from the seasons glad
  That blest my earlier years;
The high determined spirit,
  Which scorned a thought of fear,
Was changed with time—not it alone,
  But all my heart holds dear.

My birthday! thou comest,
  How fraught with sin and pain,
The past lies heavy on my soul
  And burns within my brain;

That happy pleasant "long ago,"
With rose-crowned hopes in view,
A fairy land in every dream,
And all things pure and true.

My birthday! thou comest
To remind me of decay,
My steps are hastening on the road
That ends the weary way;
The weary way, down the hill's descent,
Which leads to the far-off shore:
The way is toilsome, long and steep,
When there, I shall grieve no more.

My birthday! thou comest,
Once I hailed thee with delight,
I wreathed my hair with violet's wild,
And danced in the sun's warm light;
Faces I loved were round me then,
Time's current hath swept them by,
And silvered the locks on the noble brow,
While changed is each purpose high.

My birthday! thou comest,
And with thee comes again

Remembrance of glad woodland sport,
In mountain, path and glen;
We went in joyous numbers,
Without one thought of care,
There was boyhood's gay and open smile,
And girlhood's face so fair.

My birthday! thou comest,
Where are the merry tones?
I hear their cadence on mine ear,
Then start to find them gone;
Forever gone, till heard again
In heaven's new-learnèd strain:
My earthly birthdays will be o'er
When I hear those sounds again.

My birthday! thou comest,
But the loved are far away,
I see them now, in dreams alone,
They depart with the light of day;
In sleeping thoughts they are with me still,
Unchanged my heart's fond trust,
I wake to miss their treasured words,
And sigh for the land of the just.

My birthday! thou comest,
  But the ties that bind me here
Are broken all, and faded flowers
  Are on life's pathway sere.
But I see a hand in the distance,
  It beckons me through the gloom,
'Twill be my guide in "Death's dark vale,"
  To a land of endless bloom.

THE ASSEMBLY OF THE DEAD.

"Dr. Reed, a traveller in the highlands of Peru, is said to have found lately, in a desert of Alcoama, the dried remains of an assembly of human beings—five or six hundred in number,—men, women, and children, sitting in a semi-circle, as when alive, staring into the burning waste before them; they had not been buried; life had departed as they thus sat around, but hope was gone, the Spanish invaders were at hand, and no hope being left they came hither to die; they still sat immovable in the dreary desert, and still kept their position, sitting upright, as in solemn council, while over the Areopagus silence broods everlasting."

I' was a strange and fearful sight,
  That met the trav'ler's eye,
As he wandered in a desert vast,
  Beneath the Southern sky,

They sat in solemn council there,
Hand tightly clasped in hand,
With rigid brow, and lip compressed,
A strangely mournful band.

The chieftain's form was amid the group,
With woman's gentle mien;
And childhood's meek and artless gaze,
So trustingly serene.

There had they died! so cold, and stern,
The fragile and the strong;
Better to perish in their pride
Than yield to tyrants' wrong.

They had left happy homes behind—
A glad and sunny land;
Rare flowers there bloom, and waters play
In light o'er the golden sand.

But what was a home, in that glorious clime,
When they felt the oppressor's chain;
The sunbeams smiled, as in days of yore,
But, alas! their power was vain

To bring back hope to the aching hearts
That with scorn indignant beat;
So they wandered forth, the high in soul,
To die in that lone retreat.

Yes! rude, indeed, is the resting place
Of the noble and the free;
Where they still must sleep, their dreamless sleep,
Through ages yet to be.

Everlasting silence holds her reign,
In that region so wild and grand;
And the wind of the desert sings the dirge
Of Peru's devoted band.

ESSEX.

Alone the noble prisoner sat, amid the gathering gloom,
Over the past he mused, and thought upon his certain doom;
Sad was the change a few short days had wrought within his soul,
Anguish was written on his brow, though sum'ning high control
To meet his fate, as brave men should, who scorn the name of fear;
He dared death on the battle field, why should he dread it here?

There was a mingling in his mind, of many a gorgeous scene,
And 'mid them all, the brightest, shone a palace and a queen;
With form of regal beauty, and braids of auburn hair,
Entwined with gems of brilliant, gleam above a forehead fair;

And eyes of love, that met his own, with gentle beaming
smile,
Combined with fascinating art, the untutored to beguile.

Once more the rich mosaic halls, with stately step he
trod,
And bowed before a flattering throng, who turned him
from his God;
The flower-wreathed walls, impassioned vows, beauty's
bewitching spell:
Wildly he rose. With rapid strides, then paced his nar-
row cell;
But soon a calmer mood returned, and softer visions
came,
Of the early home where first he learned a mother's holy
name.

Before the tempting voice of Fame, within his breast
could burn,
Ere taught by the world's sullying breath, the purest
ties to spurn;
Then came the thought of all like him imprisoned in the
Tower,

Strange it should be the final goal of Beauty, Pride, and
Power;
The bravest hearts earth ever knew, had slowly withered
there.
The gloomy walls had listened to their groans of deep
despair.

Aloud he spoke: "And must I die in England's merry
clime,
My days have glided on till now, undim'd by care or
time;
In youth's high glorious dawning, with honours to be won,
I must accomplish nobler deeds, before my race is run;
She will relent—my love—my Queen! she ever loved me
well:"
The burning rays of a rare gem across his vision fell.

It was a jewel-circled ring, the gift of some fond hour,
When to the woman's love succumb'd the sovereign's
mighty power;
She gave it as a sacred pledge, and should he ere offend,
Her mercy would not fail him, if the talisman he'd send;
It would remind of gen'rous deeds, recall the happy past,
Impress upon his doubting mind, "affection pure must
last."

Hope rose anew—to one, a friend long known and trusted
well,
He gave the token for his Queen, and history's page can
tell
Of treachery deep where truth seemed stamp'd on many
an outward grace;
The captive's fate was sealed,—the ring ne'er reached its
destined place:
With matchless courage, Essex closed his strange event-
ful life,
Nor grieved at last to leave a world so dark with sin and
strife.

Elizabeth in secret mourned, with late remorse and vain,
The splendour of her royal lot, could ne'er bring peace
again;
The dazzling crown was turned to thorns upon her aching
brow,
The glittering baubles once her pride, had ceased to
charm her now;
The beauteons world was but to her a spot with gladness
fled,
England soon wept the "Virgin Queen," she slumbered
with the dead.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF MISS LOUISE HODGE, OF POINT LEVI, QUEBEC.

What tribute can I offer,
To grace this page of thine?
Had I a Sibyl's power,
The task might then be mine—

To weave for thee a future,
Free from all care and gloom,
Undarkened by sad partings,
Or shadows of the tomb.

The only offering I can bring,
Accept, fair girl, from me—
A kindly wish that Heaven bestow
Its choicest gifts on thee.

May the gentle light of thy azure eye,
Serenely beam as now;
Time leave few traces in its course,
Upon thy placid brow.

A Saviour's arms defend thee
From every glittering snare,
"Sowing the seeds" within thy heart,
That lasting fruit will bear.

THE HERO OF KARS.

Hero of Kars! I've marked thy high career,
And proudly mused on glorious laurels won:
Admired by all,—our country's bravest son,
Who in the day of battle knew no fear.

When raged the fiercest conflict o'er thy way,
How nobly did'st thou cheer thy gallant band;
With dauntless courage suited to command,
'Twas thine to gain the triumph of that day.

Within fair Scotia's vales that gave thee birth,
They offer homage to a soul so brave,
Who could in hour of peril, England's honour save,
And make thy name the wonder of the earth.

With hearts like thine, how blest our own dear land,
A safe protection though dread war assail;
For rest we sure, that foes can ne'er prevail,
While they at Britain's call shall ready stand.

Gladly a tribute would I to thee give,
Had I the power to offer worthy praise,
Virtue thy glory gilds with brighter rays,
And thou wilt, ever loved and honoured, live.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

We dream bright dreams of future bliss,
Then wake with sudden start
To find that in a world like this,
Grief only hath a part.

Our idols are but clay—the mind
We deemed of god-like birth
Is gone—and in its place we find
The sordid soil of earth.

Bright objects changed by Sin's dark stain,
And Passion's mad'ning thrall,
Whose desolating power can gain
Ascendency o'er all,

Save they who choose the better part,
And shun the tempter's snare;
Who early give to God the heart,
In penitence and prayer.

Father, protect and guide the soul,
Whose refuge is but Thee;
Though clouds of sorrow o'er us roll,
A light beyond we see.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN, EXPRESSIVE OF HIS ADMIRATION FOR A LADY.

I love thee well: wilt thou be mine?
Thou priceless gem! star of my soul!
That radiantly will ever shine,
And every thought and wish control.

Absence must ever fail to change
  The heart which proudly owns thy power;
Believe me, 'tis no idle flame,
  Nor yet the passion of an hour:

But love, of which the poets sung,
  Nerving to deeds of glorious fame,
That laurels might be proudly won,
  And Beauty's hand with honour claim.

Syren enchantment binds my chain,
  Exquisite grace inspires my vow;
Ah! can I hope thy hand to gain!
  'T were madness to lose thee now.

Grant me the boon—the precious task,
  To ever lull thy cares to rest;
A home with thee is all I ask;
  A home by love most richly blest.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE FAMILY BIBLE.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.—*Job, chapter* 19*th*, 25*th verse.*

"I know that my Redeemer lives:"
I shall behold His face,
When temporal things have passed away,
And leave behind no trace
Of all the ills that ever blight
Our happiness while here,
And make the coming future seem
Replete with grief and fear.

I know this breathing form of mine
Will feel a sure decay;
The heart, so full of life and hope,
Pass silently away.
And I shall sleep my last long sleep,
Beneath the grave's cold sod,
But my spirit will behold the might,
The majesty, of God.

PRESENTATION OF A SWORD.

Written on the occasion of witnessing the presentation of a Sword to a young American Officer, by the Gentlemen of his native town, with an eloquent Address from an early friend bidding him God-speed in the defence of his native land.

The youthful Soldier proudly stood
To receive his country's sword,
In presence of the good and fair,
Who listened to the words

That bespoke his grateful pleasure,
For the gift that true hearts gave;
Meet to avenge a nation's fall,
Or its honour nobly save

His voice was tremulous and low
As he thought of the parting hour;
And the danger of a battle field,
Came o'er him with its power.

A mother's love had blest his path
Since childhood's early day,
A father's proud approving smile
Had cheered him on his way.

In learning's halls, he justly claimed
A scholar's honoured place;
And well that broad and polished brow,
The laurel-wreath might grace.

"I feel emotions new and strange,
And know not what to say,
In answer for distinction high
Conferred on me to-day.

"This is the proudest, happiest hour
That ever I have known.
'Twill nerve me in the coming strife;"
And firmer grew his tone.

"To think my friends—my noble friends,
This trust repose in me;
Bestowing thus, a glorious gift,
In defence of liberty.

"I'll bear it 'mid the conflict wild,
In many a distant dell;
Stainless, I'll bring it back to you,
And ask 'Have I done well?'

"Or if it please my father's God
Who blest our land of yore,
That to this dear and happy isle
I may return no more,

"Ask thou some comrade who with me,
Had shared that last sad day,
'If bravely I fulfilled the trust,
I pledge to you this day?'"

TO AMELIA ON HER WEDDING DAY.

The bridal wreath is twining,
To grace thy brow, my friend;
The star of hope is shining;
May it light thee to the end.

And every household blessing,
Go with thee on thy way;
Fond lips, kind words expressing,
Should earthly joys decay.

The marriage bell is ringing;
Soon thy new life will begin,
With a fervent love upspringing
From a perfect trust within.

Every change and doubt defying,
Through a lifetime, dark or fair;
Still perpetual and undying,
Balm for every wound or care.

Pure, and sacred, the affection
That illumes a fireside blest;
'Tis a safe and sure protection,
Giving beauty, warmth, and rest.

August 27th, 1867.

PARTING WORDS.

Mon chèr ami, we part once more,
  Never again, perchance to meet,
  Nor with kind words each other greet,
While lingering on life's shore.

Impassable the gulf must be,
  Which separates from this hour;
  But still fond Mem'ry's magic power,
Forbids my soul forgetting thee.

The holy trust of earlier years,
  No longer cheers my lonely heart;
  How soon the brightest dreams depart;
How soon give place to gloomy fears.

Farewell;—my tears are falling fast;
  I weep o'er many a vanished scene;
  Mourn for the peace that might have been
Had wisdom only blest the past.

Thy parting footsteps soon will tend,
  Where, like the meteor's fitful ray,
  Ambition gilds her dang'rous way,
But oft deceives, dear friend,

And newer joys will soon obscure
All thou did'st fondly prize,
And in the light of brighter eyes,
Thou'lt think of me no more.

The fairest flowers feel the blight
Of passion's desolating touch;
"But we can never love too much,
If we can only love aright."

That lesson I have learnt full well,
Since every hope on earth is dead;
Dark clouds are hovering o'er my head,
I feel despair's o'ershadowing spell.

Redeem the past;—grant my last prayer;
Let virtue's light around thee shine,
Honour and worth may yet be thine;
Success attend thy prospects fair.

All is not lost,—thou'rt noble still,
Thy star of life shines high and clear;
And though my own is darken'd here,
May Heaven thy every wish fulfil.

With strange prophetic power I know
That we shall never meet again;
The hope were sinful, wild, and vain
In this dark world of sin and woe.

Could I not have in realms above,
With one so dear, re-union blest;
Cheerless would be the promised rest,
Unbrighte d by thy smile of love.

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. A. H. PECK.

"She, for I know not yet her name, in Heaven."
—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

'Tis a sacred theme, to speak of the dead,
The loved released from the cares of earth;
While the long grass waves o'er her lowly bed,
And the spirit hath found its immortal birth.

'Tis a sacred theme, to speak of the dead,
The early dead in a home of rest,
Freed from all care, and sin, and dread,
Forever and supremely blest.

'Tis a sacred theme, to speak of the dead,
To recall the sweet expressive face;
The priceless worth, rich influence shed,
Combined with a Christian's holy grace.

'Tis a sacred theme, to speak of the dead,
The soul amid the white-robed host,
Though the dust of the grave hides the gentle head
We know she is happy, when grieving her most.

'Tis a sacred theme, to speak of the dead,
When we know that the spirit is hovering near;
To hear each word of praise that is said
'Mid broken sobs and falling tears.

'Tis a sacred theme, to speak of the dead,
"Not lost, but only gone before;"
We listen in vain for the welcome tread
Of the loved one who waits us on heaven's bright shore.

'Tis a sacred theme, to speak of the dead,
Who will ne'er to her childhood's home return;
Scenes where her youthful footsteps led—
The world's cold lessons yet to learn.

'Tis a sacred theme, to speak of the dead,
With a holier name in the new life begun,
From the Fountain of heavenly wisdom fed,
And the crown celestial haply won.

AN IRREGULAR ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

A voice of woe resounds through England's happy homes,—
We hear a mournful wail,
And every cheek is pale,—
In cots and stately domes.

For the noblest in the land, our nation's proudest son,—
Lament is vain,
'Tis Heaven's gain,—
A heavenly kingdom won.

Cold the illustrious form, that graced each gorgeous scene!
We hear the mournful knell,
Telling the heart too well,
That lone, forever lone, is Britain's Queen.

He who in manhood's prime, placed on her brow the bridal wreath,—
Through life the stay and guide
Of England's Royal Bride,—
Lies cold and still the vaulted roof beneath.

In peace he hath his rest, with the great, the good, and fair,—
Our peerless Queen he waits,
At Heaven's glorious gates,—
Oh, joy unspeakable! to meet him there.

LINES ADDRESSED TO DR. CAMERON ON HIS RETURN FROM INDIA.

And Scotland's hills will proudly rear,
To welcome thee home from a foreign shore;
But what is the news that will greet thine ear,
When thou seest thy native land once more?

And art thou prepared, for the lonely blight,
That hath swept o'er the loved since thou last wert there?

The 'Angel of Death,' with his withering might,
Hath breathed o'er thy hearth-stone the voice of despair.

Yes! she for whom many a fervent prayer,
Was fondly breathed when far away;
Oh! how will thy heart, the sad tidings bear,
That she's sleeping now with her kindred clay?

Thy mind will revert to the parting hour,
When last thou beheld her in maiden bloom;
Can Time have blighted that lovely flower,
And laid it low in the silent tomb?

Thy mother will greet thee sadly now,
For all that remains to her heart is thee;
And shades of anguish will pass o'er thy brow,
For the sister, so loved, thou no more shall see.

Thy home will be gained, after long years,
But how altered each wish of thy noble soul;
How wilt thou restrain the falling tears,
As the floods of grief o'er thy spirit roll?

Thy wife will start at the sad, sad tale,
And thy children's prattle no more be heard,
When they see thy cheek, so marble pale,
And the founts of grief in thy spirit stirred.

Ah! what will thy honours avail thee then,
Or the wealth thou hast toiled for on India's strand?
They cannot bring peace to thy soul again,
Or joy when thou reachest thy native land.

But God can comfort the stricken heart,
When we turn to Him with faith and love;
We can point to the land where friends ne'er part,
And tell thee she's dwelling in light above:

That thy Ellen's voice, with melodious tone,
Now swells the chorus of heavenly throngs;
For she's happy there, in her peaceful home,
And safe in the land where no grief belongs.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED SISTER.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—ST. MATTHEW, chap. 5th, 8th verse.

And God hath called her home,
To dwell beside His throne;
Joining in praises of His love,
With those He calls his own.

'Tis true we miss the angel smile,
That scattered joy around;
The voice of sweetest melody,
With music in its sound.

The glance of the eye, so calm and bright,
With its lustre ever clear;
The step so light and graceful,
That we ever loved to hear.

She has gone from us forever,
With her babe upon her breast;
She hath gained the bliss of Heaven,
And her everlasting rest:

Singing the pleasures of God's love,
In the realms of peace and joy;
With shining robes and wings of light,
She and her angel boy.

Though her form no more may brighten
The home of earthly love;
Safe is her rest, in a Saviour's arms,
While she dwells with saints above.

And has joined the holy choir
Of Heaven's Eternal King;
The pleasures of the "Lamb of God,"
She evermore will sing.

The grass grows green on her early grave,
And the years roll swiftly on;
But sadly we turn to the happy past,
For our flower, so loved, is gone.

But why should we weep for the loved one, dead,
Who blooms in a glorious sphere;
Every wish fulfilled in the peaceful clime,
With no thought of grief, or fear.

But humbly kneel, in heartfelt prayer,
That when Death's last pang is o'er,
We may meet our dear departed one,
On a brighter, happier shore.

Our tears will fall no longer,
In the land of perfect peace,—
Where earth's vain love, and every care,
For ever-more shall cease.

TO A LADY,

On hearing her complain that "the world was a dreary place at best, where the most unselfish acts of kindness ever meet with an ungrateful return, and that 'Friendship indeed, existed but in name!'"

How sad is this world: it is dreary at best,
Attended by sickness, and sorrow, and woe;
And we sigh for the land of the good and the blest,
When we feel that this life can no pleasure bestow.

For though budding roses our pathway adorn,
In their beauty and pride, for awhile they may reign;
But we grieve when we find that each rose has its thorn,
And every pleasure in life has a pain.

When the heart, that in friendship has safely relied,
Is deceived in its trust, it turns sadly away,
To feel in that moment of grief, and of pride,
"This world is a wilderness, why should I stay?"

How bitter the truth, we have trusted in vain,
And lavished affection most ardent and warm
On the being we never can think of again,
Save with infinite loathing, and hatred, and scorn.

"EVERY HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS."

Yes, every heart its anguish knows,
A stranger cannot soothe its pain,
Nor wipe the tear-drop from the eye
That ne'er can beam with smiles again.

No friend can give thee comfort when
The star of life for thee hath set;
Can they recall the pleasant scenes
Thou striv'st so vainly to forget?

TO ———

Je vous prie de croire
Que je ne songe q'ua vous,
Et que vous m'etes extrêmement
Chère.

I feel thy influence, even in my sleep,
It is in vain! I still remember thee;
A shadow o'er the happiest of my dreams,
Portending future sorrow yet for me.

I break the links that bind my soul to thine,
But ever in my heart thou must remain,—
O'ershadowing every day-dream of my life,
Recalling scenes I ne'er would view again.

Gladly I said "farewell"—may we ne'er meet,
While tread our footsteps this world's weary maze;
All that I fondly deemed thee, time dispelled—
Changed the illusions of my earlier days.

Then, wherefore haunt me with the deep stern voice,
That still reproved me that I loved too well?
Approving accents made my heart rejoice,
Why must they ever in my memory dwell?

Desire for fame was all—yes, all for thee!
How vain and trivial every praise but thine;
Strangely did'st thou repay my perfect trust,
How ill requite devotion pure as mine.

TO ———.

Where art thou now? amid the gay and bright,
In festive halls where gleams the daz'ling light;
Breathing love's language in the attentive ear
Of some fair listener,—while I am here.

I know that years have passed since last we met,
But still I thought thou could'st not quite forget
The olden days,—the happy fleeting hours,
When life seemed formed for never-fading flowers.

We met not often—yet I know, full well,
About thy presence lurked a secret spell,
To fix thee in my mind through changing years,
In joy and sorrow, sunshine, hopes and fears.

Think of me sometime, when thy mind is free
From worldly cares, and I will think of thee;
And we will hold communion pure and sweet,
Although on earth we ne'er again may meet.

TO SARAH.

Do you ever think of me, dear friend,
With feelings fond and kind,
And revert with joy to days long past:
Am I sometimes in your mind?
Ah! well I know thy gentle heart
Hath still a place for me;
And in the changes of my life,
I often think of thee.

Thou'rt before me now, with thy winning smile,
That can banish every care;
The cloudless light of thy soft blue eye,
And brow so smooth and fair.
May God protect thee, gentle girl,
From every gathering gloom,
And years pass o'er thy head, and leave
Thee still in perfect bloom.

Nor doubts and cares, e'er come to change
The beauty of thy mind;
Casting their shadows o'er a heart
So gentle, good and kind.
Good spirits hover round thy path,
To guard thee from dark sorrow's blight;
And when this life of care is past,
Conduct thee to the realms of light.

THOUGHTS ON MRS. HEMANS, AFTER READING "SISTER SINCE I MET THEE LAST."

Methinks I see thee now,
With thy deep and soul-lit eyes;
Within whose gentle depths,
A shadow darkly lies.

The lamp of Genius burned within,
But thy heart was lone and void;
It could mourn o'er "kind thoughts wasted,"
And happy hopes destroyed.

The grave hath closed above thee,
Still thou art the theme of fame;
Every heart must proudly own thee
Worthy of a glorious name.

TO ARTHUR ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Few years have passed o'er thy fair head,—
The pride of many hearts, thou noble boy,—
May every blessing crown the path you tread,
And coming years bring nought but peace and joy.

God grant thy future life be free from care,—
The lot of man in his brief sojourn here,—
And purity of soul, and love, and prayer,
Go onward with thee through a blest career.

Oh! may the bright example left by one,—
On whose lone grave, the Spring's pure blossoms smile;
Teach thee all vain pursuits to ever shun,
And keep thy young heart free frem sin and guile.

Honour attend thy footsteps,—let thy name
Be reverenced by the proudest in the land;
With noble deeds to illustrate thy fame,
A mind alike to "counsel and command."

Be thine the pride of thy ancestral race,
Whose heroism gained renown for them,—
Blending with all the spiritual grace,
Of one who wears a fadeless diadem.

RE-UNION IN THE SPIRIT LAND.

"Far from the parting, and the meeting,
Far from the farewell, and the greeting,
Hearts fainting now, and now high beating."
—*From Mrs. Winslow's Life.*

The thought were madness, ne'er again to meet
Beyond the grave, though Fate ordain that here
I must resign thee,—and the memories sweet
That still have made my lonely life so dear.

A home on earth, with thee, would be most blest,
But not exempt from clouds of doubt and change;
While in the haven of a perfect rest,
Hearts fondly trusted, ne'er grow cold and strange.

Must I believe a soul so high as thine,
Forever lost in Error's downward way;
No, no! 'twas formed for future life divine,
And cannot feel the blight of Sin's decay.

We yet shall meet beyond the bounds of Time,
What joy! to clasp thy hand and welcome thee;
Grown good and wise, in Heaven's resplendent clime,
Ne'er—ne'er to part again through all eternity.

A glorious radiance in thine eyes to trace,
And star-gemm'd crown on thy celestial brow;
With glorious halo of immortal grace,
To see thee thus 'twere bliss to lose thee now.

Happy and peaceful, in that home afar,
And purified from all the dross of earth;
The passion of the world, no more can mar
The beauty of our new and joyous birth.

KEEPSAKES.

They have power to awaken memories of the past,—
I am standing here alone to-night,
My tears in silence flowing,
The fitful light its shadows throwing
Above dear relics of the past;
Mementos of high hopes o'ercast,
Or vanished in Time's rapid flight.

They are precious treasures—fond gifts of yore,
Each telling a tale in its change and decay;
Endeared by Love's touch, in life's earlier day,

Or blest by the hand of Affection sincere,
And Friendship, that fate's darkest hour can cheer,
With kind words supporting till Hope comes once more.

Though severed in twain, I have kept it long,
Through blinding tears I behold it now;
The pledge long since of a broken vow
That never was kept,—this broken ring
Is a symbol true, of earth's suffering,
And the history sad of a grievous wrong.

This small sea-shell, when placed to the ear,
It sings a dirge of the far-off sea,
The funeral dirge of the glad and free;
A sailor boy, with a merry smile,
And gen'rous heart that knew no guile,
He is sleeping now on his ocean bier.

Ah! here is another. The opal's glow,
With its faithful ever changing gleam,
Warning of danger when still unseen;
But I value it more, as the gift of one,
Who hath looked her last on the setting sun,
A gentle girl with a brow of snow.

This faded wreath wears a magic spell,
It can bring to my view a festive scene,
A loving smile and a noble mien;
The blossoms, once wreathed in my shining hair,
Are withered now, like my prospects fair,
For years I have treasured them long and well.

Here's a cherished token—a dear one gave,
This golden curl of a sunny hue:
How thought reverts to the good and true:
With matchless courage, and valiant pride,
His spirit went forth with the battle's tide,
And he calmly rests with the fallen brave.

My heart is full—I can gaze no more,—
So I turn away with a bitter sigh
And a yearning strong for the days gone by;
They awaken the memory of former pain,
When hidden from sight it may slumber again,—
And this restless longing will then be o'er.

But I've other treasures! a golden mine,—
Perpetual, unchanging, as ages roll on,
With a purpose firm they may still be won;

No rust their brilliancy can dim,
For their glory emanates from Him,—
When in faith we seek our Father's shrine.

Through the vista of years, the hand I discern.
That taught me 'mid trials to lean upon God;
In mercy and kindness was wielded the rod,
Which taught me submission, in sorrow and change,
And misfortune, that loved ones could coldly estrange,
When earth-worn and weary to Him I could turn.

PRESENTIMENTS.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

Wherefore so sad, to-night, my heart,
Why art thou thus oppressed?
I would such shadows might depart,
And leave me to my rest;

Casting their mantle o'er my mind.
Pourtraying future woe;
Telling the soul it ne'er can find
Its happiness below.

The dearest hopes must fade from earth
And perish in a day;
Alas! the hour that gives them birth
Must doom them to decay.

And happy hours, long past and flown,
Why could they not remain;
Old scenes,—and words of loved ones gone,
Come crowding o'er my brain.

Remembrance turns to childhood's hour,
The happiest earth bestows;
When disappointments never lower.
To banish our repose.

A spot so bright on Memory's page,
Ne'er shines in after years;
For, oh! in every other age
'Tis blotted out by tears.

Obscured by clouds of dark'ning care,
Afflictions heavy rod;
Our path beset by many a snare.
To turn us from our God.

TO ———.

Why rush on Danger's path?
  Why brave the perils of this life?
Why call upon thy head the wrath
  Of One who loves not strife?

Will recklessness avail thee aught,
  When thy last hour shall come?
Wilt thou not mourn, the evil thought,
  Which tempted thee to roam?

And home! it is a magic word,
  How canst thou turn away?
Cannot the voice of love be heard,
  That mildly bids thee stay.

The love of home may not be thine,
  When thou would'st seek its calm;
No friend to soothe thy troubled mind,
  With warm affection's balm.

Alas! we learn to prize, too late,
  The things which once we valued not;
But in the hour of grief and hate,
  Would gently ease our troubled lot.

Oh! humbly turn to God, my friend;
He knows thy every thought and aim;
Will guide thee onward to the end.
Oh! turn, and call upon His name.

And join no more the festive train
Who wildly drain the mad'ning bowl,
Tempting, and turning heart and brain,
Till reason is beyond control.

Endowed with noble gifts by heaven,
'Tis wrong to cast them thus away;
How can'st thou hope to be forgiven
By Him who holdeth boundless sway?

FLOWERS.

A flower given by one we love
  Is precious in our eyes;
Though far from early scenes we rove,
  It bids sweet thoughts arise:

And wakens memories soft and dear,
  Wher'er our footsteps tend;
The aching heart it gently cheers,
  When far from that dear friend.

SORROW AROUND OUR PATH.

There 's sorrow all around our path;
  No spot exempt from woe:
And every heart must feel a pang,—
  The lot of all below.
In splendid homes must grief still reign,
And riches free us not from pain.

The king within his palace walls,
The beggar in the street,
Alike must feel earth's bitter woe,—
The heart with anguish beat.
No scenes of mortal life but feel
The wounds that God alone can heal.

For we must part from dearest friends,
And brightest hopes, alas! decay;
And can the heart feel aught but sad,
To see all pleasures pass away
But gracious God the heart can cheer;
We turn to Him in grief and fear.

LINES

Written in the Album of Mrs. Warren, of Boreas Hill, Oshawa, C. W., July 29th, 1862.

When first I heard thy gentle voice,
Far from my home's dear shrine,
It made my lonely heart rejoice
With welcome true and kind.

Since then I 've learned to know
Thy high and matchless worth;
A soul, so peerless, can bestow
Fresh radiance on the earth.

Affection's pure and holy light
Irradiates thy home,
Pourtraying still a future, bright,
Where care may never come.

The wishes of a grateful heart
Impels the fervent paayer—
"Our Father" will His grace impart,
To keep thee good, as fair:

And shield the precious ones from ill,
Thy household band who form:
Good angels guard their pathway still,
Through life's dark fitful storm.

When, in my native land once more,
I 'll fondly think of thee;
And waft unto this distant shore,
A blessing o'er the sea.

A DREAM.

It was a strange, wild dream. They sat within a lonely
prison cell:
Methought it gloomy, dark and lone, where Guilt is
wont to dwell.
His face, so cold and pale, youth's haughty beauty wore,
Though happy smiles, forever fled, could never light it
more.
And a deep look of withering hate had gathered on his
brow,
For every hope the world could give had vanished from
him now.
And he the pleasant earth must bid adieu:
How all its beauties rose before his view,
Where he had courted Pleasure's tempting form,—
Shunning reproof with smile of careless scorn.
With reckless step the sinful path had trod,
Which ends in ruin,—leads the soul from God.
Regret was on his soul, that one whose name
Might still have claimed a place reserved for fame,
And leave a bright example through all time,
Should meet a fate like this—reward of crime.

He "might have been," and Fancy lightly drew,
Within his mind, a picture bright and new,
Of what the past had been—forever gone—
Had he not wasted, in his life's gay morn,
The talents God bestowed for useful deed
To benefit mankind,—gain honour's meed.
A happy home! the abode of love and truth;
A wife's glad smile, with artless heart of youth;
The fire's bright blaze upon the cheerful hearth,
And gentle eye of one most loved on earth,
To watch his coming, listening still to hear
Familiar footsteps, as they drew more near:
Of children's merry voices, glad and free,
In healthful bloom, around the household tree:
A loved and honoured father for their guide,
Revered by all for Virtue's noble pride—
"An honest man, the noblest work of God"—
His daily course with steps unerring trod.
The musings ceased,—and in their place, returned
His dungeon's gloom. The glorious sunset burned
In fitful splendor through the darken'd grate;
The last he should behold: it was "too late!"
Despair was in the thought: he turned away:
All hope was fled with the last light of day.

In that dark hour of deep distress he was not quite
alone,
A gentle hand, with trusting faith, was clasped within
his own:
And the expression of such perfect love—
Saint-like in meekness, tender as the dove—
That lighted up a face that once was fair,
Formed a strange contrast to his look of care.
Well might I marvel, 'mid that scene of gloom,
That one so frail could calmly meet a doom,
From which the bravest well might shrink with fear;
But in her stedfast eye there shone no tear;
Nor would she now exchange that fearful hour
For all earth's splendor, pageantry and power.
The loved—the worshipped—shared her early bier:
Her place was with him.—wherefore should she fear?
It was a strange, wild destiny, to lower
On one so kind. Fate gave a fearful dower.
Far different were the dreams of other years;
The visions bright, undimm'd by cloud or tears,
When for herself a future glad she wove,
Shared with the idol of her heart's fond love.
She knew him proud and vain, but still believed—
As woman too oft will, but is deceived—

She could redeem him from his evil way,
And make his home so blest he ne'er would stray
To haunts of sin, amid the false and gay:
She 'd ever share his grief, should grief betide,
And, hand in hand, adown life's stream they 'd glide
Together, when the end should come, approach the haven sure—
The blissful spot where parted friends re-union find once more.
The drops of anguish, grief, remorse, were thickly gathering now,
She gently wiped them with firm hand from off his pallid brow;
How vain he strove, in that sad hour, for courage to sustain,
For conscience whispered in his ear, like moaning sound of pain,
"But for her love, so pure and true, she never had been here,
Was it for this that she to thee hath ever been so dear!"
She truly read the thoughts within his dark despairing mind;
Her voice was low, but sweet and firm, and oh! how doubly kind;

Raising the eyes that beamed anew with ever reverent
love
And radiant smile, unto the face, her all below—above;
Her morning star of life for her once quenched its lus-
trous light;
All else were darkness evermore, the deepest gloom of
night;
It seemed as if all other things had faded from her
sight.
"Wherefore so gloomy, my beloved friend?
Am I not with thee, even to the end?
My all in life, why dost thou fear for me?
Dost thou not know 'twere bliss to die with thee?
Dread not the wonders of the world to come;
Our enraptured gaze its glories soon will own:
The partings that with anguish darken this,
Are never there to mar the eternal bliss:
Together we 'll explore the mansions blest,
Whither our steps are tending—home of rest;
Mine own, be of good cheer, all will be well."
But the expression wild that on her fell
Gave back no answering hope, and sudden chill
Came o'er her soul, and then she too was still.
The light began to fade from out her sky,

And she grew pale, although she scarce knew why,
And felt, unseen, some dreaded danger nigh.
"Poor child," he said, his tones were deep and stern,
"Strange that this knowledge thou so late dost learn;
There is a fear far worse than fear of death,
Speak not of future life with so much faith:
What have we done on earth that we should gain
A Heavenly Kingdom, and immortal reign?"
She trembled now, his hand more tightly prest,
While dark forebodings flitted through her breast,
"Thou hast said truth, my blindness be forgiven,
I have neglected all my hopes of heaven;
And now, "the dark days come," and I am lost,
I gained my idol at a priceless cost,
Idolatrous my love for thee hath been;
His holy image was by me unseen:
And now, in this dim hour, I see no light;
All, all is darkness, to my failing sight:
I fear to pierce the veil like a dense cloud,
It still the never-ending life can shroud
The vast eternity hid from my view;
And are we, dearest, God-forsaken too?"
It was indeed a scene with warning fraught,—
A fearful lesson, ne'er to be forgot.

"Place thy affection on the things above;"
Thy heart's full homage give the God of love.
I woke from sleep at morning's rosy beam,
With thanks to heaven that it was all a dream.

TO A DEAR FRIEND.

A year so fraught with grief and fears,
Has passed at length away;
And sadly we greet, through falling tears,
The dawn of this New Year's Day!

There's a yearning deep in our homes to-night,
For voices familiar and faces dear;
Vainly they rise on our memory's sight,
And cloud with their absence the festal cheer.

This world is marked by many a change,
Joy and sorrow, and shades of gloom;
Oh! the ways of life are "passing strange,"
From the hour of birth till we reach the tomb.

How blest are they who leave in their flight,
When they wend their course to the "better land,"
Footprints of virtue, to guide us aright,
As we tread in their path to the promised strand.

We have not lost them for ever, dear friend,
Though vacant their places this season of mirth;
Precious the thought! that each care has an end,
What to them now are the pleasures of earth?

The courts of Heaven are glorious and fair,
With fadeless flowers and angels' song;
We know that they think of us fondly there,
And our names are breathed 'mid the radiant throng.

Unmarked by change are the seasons blest,
And a thousand years but one day alone;
With no partings to cloud the beauty and rest,
In the realms of peace that await God's own.

THE GRAVE OF THE PAST.

The funeral knell hath a solemn sound,
As it mournfully tolls for some early friend;
And sad are the tears that fall o'er the mound,
Where care, and sorrow, alike have an end.
But sadder far is the heart's low knell,
More bitter the tears o'er the grave of the Past;
The treasures are there we have guarded so well,
Treasures that might not and could not last.

"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,"
Buried deep is each loving smile;
And words that win life's perfect trust,
Though breathing dark deceit the while.
Rich jewels of thought,—imaginings bright,
Forever enshrined in their silent tomb;
Love with its madness, its passion and might,
Within the gloomy vault finds room.

We close up the grave with a wild regret,
For broken resolves and lingering pain;
Then turn to the future and strive to forget—
Alas! that the task should be idle and vain.

There's a meaning deep in the solemn knell,
As it mournfully tolls o'er the buried past:
The last low wail breathes the word "farewell,"
And it strikes on the heart like a withering blast.

ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND

KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF RESICA, GEORGIA.

And can the fearful tale be true, that the noble, good, and brave,
Hath met his doom in that fatal clime, and found a soldier's grave,
Far from the home so loved of old, bright scenes of childhood's days,
Sacred to innocence and joy, each word of love and praise?
They tell us that he bravely died, amid a gallant band,
And freely shed his precious blood in defence of native land.

A "sounding name" brings no relief to hearts oppressed
with woe,
Nor can the thought of honours won prevent the tears
that flow;
The lone night-watch,—the weary march,—death in the
battle broil,
Could it be worth the sacrifice, though 'twas his native
soil?
Did a thought e'er come, in hours of toil, that the end
was drawing near,
And dark forebodings cross his mind till hope gave place
to fear?

That he should never more behold dear friends in mem-
ory stored;
Ne'er clasp again familiar hands around the pleasant
board,
Where oft he met a welcome kind in days forever past,
When not a shade of coming care o'er the spirit bright
was cast.
Ah yes! I know the absent ones were thought of, o'er
and o'er,
And vigils lone were cheered with hope of seeing them
once more:

And pictures bright formed of a home blest with the
light of love;
Why do we weep? it yet shall be! yes, in a land
above.
His "coming home" was gladly hailed by loved ones
gone before,
A father's voice hath welcomed him unto the heavenly
shore,
Where the din of war is never heard, the conflict wild
unknown,
The sword exchanged for "golden harp," and dwelling
with God's own.

The weary soul is now released! why should we grieve
for him?
At the best, earth is a trial spot,—Life's prospects ever
dim;
But let us cling to the blest hope, that when we pass
away,
We may meet the loved and early lost in the realms of
endless day.
Far better lose him thus, in manhood's glorious prime,
Than have a heart so true and high change by the touch
of time.

A comrade's hand hath marked the spot where he takes
his last repose,
And o'er his lonely resting-place may bloom the southern
rose.
We cannot kneel upon the sod above his distant bed;
But memory of his noble deeds will live, though he is
dead,
Forming a bright example still to those who yet remain,
Teaching the mourning ones to feel that "thus to die is
gain."

TO A FRIEND.

I thank thee for the wishes kind
Thou dost on me bestow;
I feel them worthy of a mind
Whence every good must flow.
And may thy path in life be bright,
Undimmed by Guilt's dark stain;
But, cheered by heaven's unerring light,
Be free from care and pain.

'Trust still in God: to thee He 'll prove
An ever constant friend,
To guide thee to the realms above,
Where bliss can never end;
And strains of triumph ever flow
Of Christ's redeeming grace,
While saints who serve Him here below
Shall see Him face to face.

Oh! may that glorious crown be thine
Which cannot fade away,
Decked with the gems that ever shine,
And never know decay.
And may a blessing go with thee,
Where'er thy footsteps tend,
And gladness never cease to be
Within thy heart, my friend.

THE LAST WORDS OF GOETHE.

They watched beside him in that hour
  Of sadness and of gloom,
For well they knew the mighty soul
  Was hastening to its doom;
The master-spirit that poured forth
  The high and burning words,
That vibrate through the lofty mind
  Like music's finest chords.

Fair visions rose before his view,
  Dark eyes of liquid light,
And glossy curls of raven hue,
  Forms beautiful and bright,
Were sketched upon his fancy's eye
  In that expiring hour;
The light of Genius dimly burned,
  But could not lose its power.

Even in that moment, when the land
  That he had loved so well,
The land of song and treasured hopes,
  Enshrined in memory's cell,

Was fading from his feeble sight,
With all his glorious dreams;
How trivial, in the hour of death.
Life's fairest prospect seems.

And still he hoped that when the Spring
Returned with blooming flowers,
With health restored, he 'd seek once more,
His glad home's fairy bowers,
And wander by the streamlets pure,
The haunts by time made dear,
Where he conceived the lofty themes
That wondering myriads hear.

"More light!" the tones rose full and high,
Upon the watchers ear;
The voice so weak, renewed in strength,
The listeners thrilled with fear;
The light which shines from jasper walls,
With ever radiant glow,
Reflecting gates of glittering pearl,
In crystal waves below.

"More light!" to grasp the Infinite,
To pierce the hidden gloom,

To guide the doubting steps aright,
That journey to the tomb;
All earthly knowledge then was vain,
Life's aspirations dear,
Ambition's hope—Fame's glorious aim,—
Eternity was near.

He saw afar a little gleam,
But not enough to show
The path to the celestial shore,
Through the dark vale of woe.
"More light!" the never failing light
That shines with dazzling ray,
And emanates from God's high throne,
To make perpetual day.

A TRIBUTE TO CHARLES DICKENS.

Toll ye the bell! through England's happy land,
For one who gloried in a bright career,
Whose star of life was shining bright and clear,
Undimmed as shades of evening gathered near,
Its soul-lit radiance still supreme and grand.

Toll ye the bell! The rich meridian ray
That still could penetrate to every clime,
Is shadowed o'er before the hand of Time
Had quenched the light within the mind sublime,
Or age's blight had darkened o'er his day.

Toll ye the bell! Philanthropy's kind friend,
A world's reformer, and a nation's best,
Has gone in honour to his final rest;
But not before his efforts, nobly blest,—
The tree bore lasting fruit, before the end.

The won'drous pen a magic charm that bore,
Was not inspired by scenes of princely power:
He passed the castle, battlement, and tower,
Heraldic pride—the toys of Life's short hour—
And sought a subject grand amid the poor.

Toll ye the bell! let the dirge-note swell,
High on the air, as they breathe a wail,
And waft it far on the summer gale;
While tears fill each eye, and cheeks grow pale,
For the bright son of Genius, oh! toll ye the knell.

Toll ye the bell! he has left us now.
We have been with him in our merry glee,
And laughed at the fancies that none but he
Could conjure up, till we thought we could see
The grotesque shapes that his power avow.

The idiot-boy, and his ill-omened pet;
The widow's love for her helpless child;
And changing scenes, so dark and wild—
One moment we wept, the next we smiled,
A mingling grave and gay together met.

Toll ye the bell! We have lingered long
In the Marshalsea prison, dark and lone,
And heard the deep despairing moan,
That told of hope forever flown,
While the tide of life rushed free and strong.

Toll ye the bell! He could well portray
Devotion's light in the thickest gloom;
It brightened up the cheerless room,
That seemed a father's living tomb,
While the breaking heart seemed glad and gay.

Toll ye the bell! for the heart lies still,
That could waken an echo in ev'ry breast;
The beautiful pathos the soul impressed,
With deeds of goodness ever blest,
The author stamped each page with loving skill.

Toll ye the bell! for the vacant place
In a nation's honoured and brilliant band,
The mind immortal could command
A homage meet in every land
His wandering footsteps deigned to grace.

Toll ye the bell! The electric tone,
That countless multitudes might thrill,
Like music's charm the soul could fill,
Enchain the thoughts, control the will,
Is hushed, or heard in Heaven alone.

THE SITE OF AN OLD FRENCH CHAPEL NEAR FORT BEAU SEJOUR.

An old French Chapel graced this spot,
More than a hundred years ago;
And childhood's light, with youth's gay tread,
And Age's pace so weak and slow,

Passed up the aisle on Sabbath morn
With meek devotion's holy grace;
The maiden in her kirtle blue,
With soft brown eyes and lovely face.

Here knelt the bridegroom by the bride,
The sacred shrine before,
The priest his benediction gave
And blest them o'er and o'er.

The mother stood with sweet-faced babe,
Within the peaceful dome,
From thence, with streaming tears, were borne
Loved forms to their last home.

Strange thoughts are rising on my mind
Of all that here have been;
'Mid violets scent and mossy turf,
And hillocks soft and green.

I see them here, long passed from earth,
With faces grave or gay;
There's won'drous magic in Time's flight,
That bears all things away.

And none survive to tell the tale
Of days forever fled;
The chapel's site alone remains,
Memorial of the dead.

THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

The splendour of her royal lot, the beauty of her mind,
Was powerless to avert a fate, so cruel and unkind;
She little dreamed the bridal hour of gladness and delight
Was prelude to the fearful doom, the tempest's gathering night,
Which soon would sweep above her path, destroying in its way,
And breathing o'er life's early bloom chill darkness and decay.
She little dreamed when joy-bells rung a welcome to that shore,
They only sounded forth a knell for gladness that was o'er.
The golden crown, the sunny sky, and pageant rich below,
With flowers of every gorgeous hue, and diamond's burning glow,
But hid the perils lurking still in many a treacherous smile;
While savage hearts exulting beat at plans matured the while.

What marvel, Empress sad! thy brow with bitter anguish burns
When Queretaro's day of woe with its tragic scene returns?
What marvel that thy brain should turn? oh, Sorrow's gentle child!
And memory of that parting hour, must drive thy young heart wild;
Betrayed and scorned, condemned to die, he knew the worth of Fame,
And felt that pure domestic bliss was more than glorious name;
More precious far thy faithful love, for that was left alone,
Too dearly bought were honours vain—an empire and a throne.
'Twas well thy noble father's head was laid the vault below;
He was not spared to witness all his darling's hours of woe;
He named thee for the fair young bride who won his heart's first love,
His English flower of transient bloom, the meek and tender dove,

Who shook earth's vapours from her wings, and soared
to heaven's bright clime,
Formed for a new and perfect life beyond the realms of
time.
Perchance their kindred spirits blest are hovering o'er
thee now,
With healing balm to cure thy wounds, and cool thy
fevered brow;
Shedding the peace within thy soul the world can never
give,
Whispering the cheering words of hope, "Believe and
thou shalt live
To meet thy martyred husband where none may his
peace molest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest."

ON RECEIVING A YOUNG LADY'S PORTRAIT.

The poet's wreath could never twine
  Above a brow more fair;
Alas! that swiftly flying time
  Should leave its traces there.

Or cast a shadow o'er youth's dream
  So innocent and bright;
The picture tinged with Fancy's gleam,
  Thought's glorious colouring light.

I know that the world is a glad world to thee,
  With its flowers and sunshine that dazzle the view;
In the far off future thou can'st not see
  The clouds that will darken a sky so blue.

The joy-tints are radiant thy vision portrays,
  Dream on! dream on! for in coming years
The glory will fade from thy loving gaze,
  The picture's gay colouring fade with thy tears.

There's a pensive charm in thy gentle face,
A soul-beaming lustre within thy dark eye;
The gem of pure Genius reflecting its grace,
The mind's lasting beauty that never can die!

But live in the sphere thought ne'er can conceive,
For dreams cannot picture the glorious abode,
Where storms never darken the spirit to grieve,
And bright angels sing to the praises of God.

ON THE CLOSING YEAR.

Another year has past and gone,
With all its doubts and fears;
Alas! Time bears us swiftly on
Through this dark vale of tears.

How many hearts, thou closing year,
That happily beat when thou began;
Mark the decline with falling tear,
And mourn the pilgrimage of man.

Birthday of Time! we hail thy dawn
With gladsome welcome; still we know

A shadow rests on life's bright morn,
And all is changed since long ago.

We wreathe the garlands evergreen,
And sing gay songs of joyful mirth;
Swift-footed Pleasure gilds the scene,
And casts her syren spell o'er earth.

But what a contrast in the land,
Where war hath left its impress stern,
In hasty footprints on the strand,
Whose fearful traces fiery burn.

How sad the change since last New Year
In happy homes, serene and fair;
They mourn the loved with bitter tears,
And weeping, view the vacant chair.

I see the maiden's restless gaze;
The young wife's vigil, dark and lone;
I hear, 'mid dreams of other days,
A sigh for happy moments flown.

In thought the loved one's hair is dim
With blood's deep stain; she wildly hears

The din of battle; feels for him
A thousand thousand hopes and fears.

The festive season only brings
A deep regret for blessings fled;
Rich music's strain in anguish rings
A wild lament above the dead.

And lovely forms with grief are bowed
For bright ones lying with the slain;
'Mid songs of triumph long and loud
Is heard the moaning cry of pain.

The radiant star of Talent falls,
The light is quenched of noble worth;
And every heart a dark dread palls,
And checks each happy thought at birth.

A VIEW OF MONTREAL,

FROM THE TOWER OF THE FRENCH CATHEDRAL.

The fair Canadian city,
That rose upon my sight;
With lofty spires and stately towers,
I viewed with wrapt delight.

And the broad and noble river,
Where shone the sun's bright gleam,
Reflecting all that glorious scene—
With mid-day's radiant beam.

The view was beautiful and grand!
And my mind turned to the past,—
It seemed so strange that the city's site
Was once a forest vast.

Where the hunter's foot alone disturbed
The stillness of the place;
As he trod the lonely desert path,
With a firm and stealthy pace,

Or chased the deer to its covert deep
And listened for the foe;
While alone the war-whoop's fearful sound,
Might the hallowed Sabbath know.

And Indian warfare marked the spot
Where rise the sacred fanes;
Whose elegance and grandeur tells,
That God in peace here reigns.

Where once 'twas solitude profound,
Is heard rich music's swell;
And o'er the waters gently steal
The sound of convent bell.

Temples of Learning—Art's high domes,
Arise on every hand;
The heart with admiration owns
It is a favoured land,

Where religion, wisdom, science,
Must consecrate the place;
Till of the days long past and gone,
We scarce can find a trace,

THE "CITY OF BOSTON."

No tidings from the ship! though she long hath left the shore;
No tidings for the aching hearts that beat with hope no more:
We question of her fate, from the wind and wave and sky,
But the wind sweeps on with a sullen moan and giveth no reply;
The waves dash on with majestic grace and answer not again,
While the azure face of the silent sky hears calm the appeal of pain.
Oh! the weary nights, and the tear-dimmed eyes, and the sleepless watch of woe,
The awaking sad from the happy dreams that the wretched only know,
The happy dreams that the loved are back, and they listen to accents dear,
Then wake with a start and a shivering dread, and a nameless sense of fear,

Where met she her doom that ill-fated ship? ah! vainly
we seek to know:
'Mid the fearful howling of the storm did she sink to the
depths below?
Or, on placid sea meet the iceberg's might, with its freez-
ing, numbing power,
To chill the current of warm life, in one wild despairing
hour?
The ocean her secret keepeth well, though the mourners
watch and pray,
And every earthly hope hath fled for the dear ones long
away.
'Twas a precious freight that ship contained, of love with
its priceless worth,
Affection's pure and holy faith, that makes the bliss of
earth.
There was one* who left a fair young wife, nor deemed
in that parting hour
That even then, above his head, dark clouds began to
lower:
In that fond farewell did no thought arise of the fate
reserved for him;

---

*Mr. Charles Silver, of Halifax.

That it stood on his threshold even then, like a spectre
gaunt and grim,
And pointed with warning gesture sad to the wife and
children dear,
And said in words of import stern, yet words he might
not hear:
"Bid them adieu, a long adieu, till you meet on a
brighter shore;
Look your last on the faces beloved so well, and on earth
behold no more:
The wild waves will roll o'er your lifeless form, the sea-
weed a chaplet weave
For the brow where her hand so oft hath been, and she
will be left to grieve."
Did he ever think in his wanderings glad, in many a
sunny land,
That remorseless Fate walked by his side, and held him
by the hand?
And when he stood on the classic ground, the artist's
and sculptor's pride,
It tracked his footsteps, even then was ever by his side.
It is well for us that the veil which shuts the future from
our gaze,
A merciful hand unlifted leaves; to Him be every praise,

Who grants that in life's happy hours we cannot see the clouds
That hovers o'er the gayest scene, the fairest prospect shrouds.
No tidings from the ship! though homes are dark and lone,
And beauty's cheek more pallid grows, more agonized her moan.
Do the fair, the good, the beautiful, all sleep in their lowly bed,
And the countless treasures of ages past, now pillow their sleeping head?
'Mid precious gems they calmly lie, or heed the jewels rays,
Their deep repose unbroken still, until the last great day.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM FORT BEAU SEJOUR,

We met as strangers, strangers now no more;
This parting hour I claim thee as a friend;
Our paths in life may never cross again,
But kindly thoughts of thee can have no end.

Thy parting footsteps seek the world's wide track,—
Amid its din thy mind may sometimes turn
To this lone spot—tradition's favoured ground—
And from afar its scenery still discern.

The rushing tide, the wildly wide-spread bay,
May rise before thy view as in a dream;
The solitude, the face of distant friends,
'Mid other scenes, may dim and shadowy seem,

Life's warfare once begun, we scarce have time
To muse upon the past, however fair;
The purest flowers die 'neath our hasty tread,
Their perfume lost in thoughts of worldly care,

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE ONE WHO CAN BEST UNDERSTAND THEM.

There's beauty in the merry laugh
  That rings out gay and clear,
Bespeaking goodness in the heart,
  Which knows not sin nor fear.
The fear that checks the true impulse,
  Upspringing from the mind,
Lest a cold world should harshly judge,
  With meaning most unkind.

There's music in a merry laugh,
  Melodious, rich and grand,
Can far surpass the organ's peal,
  The master's mighty hand.
For while the electric sounds arise,
  The listeners to enchain,
Perchance the power that called them forth
  Was born of grief and pain.

The world has changes, well we know
The time must come to mourn,
But in the present, shake off gloom,
And laugh dark thoughts to scorn.
For why, when skies look bright and fair,
In glorious morning light,
Anticipate the tempest wild,
The storm-king's threatening might?

'Tis time to weep when loving friends,
Who blest life's early day,
Become estranged at Fortune's frown,
And coldly turn away.
When hearts on which our own reposed,
Deceive our faith's fond trust,
And radiant hopes that light our path
Are mingled with the dust.

But until then the merry laugh
Must ring out clear and light,
Like bubbling rills in summer time,
So silvery, free and bright:
And "in our own peculiar way,"
A way unknown to thee,
We'll pass the pleasant sunny hours
In joyous laughing glee.

THE SUNSHINE.

The sunshine is a glorious dower
That's shared alike by all,
It lighteth up the sylvan bower,
The humble cottage small.

It shines amid the forest gloom
And sheds its silvery beams
In laughing light through palace room,
O'er autumn woods and streams.

The darkest hour it brightens o'er
With pleasant silvery ray,
Reflecting from the happy shore,
It seems to point the way

To realms of endless sunshine fair,
Hills of eternal green,
While ever shining, radiant, there
The "Father's" face is seen.

LISTENING FOR A FOOTSTEP.

Listening for a footstep,
  Watching for a form,
Through the days of sunshine,
  And the nights of storm.

Listening for a footstep
  With a brow of care,
Listening, dreading, fearing,
  Still it comes not there.

Listening for a footstep,
  The happy cheering sound,
That is never, never heard again
  Re-echoing o'er the ground.

Listening for a footstep
  That will not come again,
Watching for a shadow,
  Feeling only pain.

Listening for a footstep,
The well-known welcome tread,
That could wake once more to pleasure
The heart so cold and dead.

Listening for a footstep,
Watching for a sail,
Waiting for glad tidings,
While the cheek grows pale,

Listening for a footstep,
Till the eyes are dim with tears,
And so the days pass slowly on,
And lengthen into years.

Listening for a footstep
We wlll hear on earth no more,
Still forever, ever parted,
On life's dark and dreary shore.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

I lie awake in the night and think
  Of the distant past so far away,
And muse on each strangely broken link
  Of Hope's bright chain, since my early day.
I hear the voices that charmed me well,—
  The hymns I learned at my mother's knee;
Her gentle smile and her last farewell,
  Like yesterday, return to me.

My thoughts go wandering away, away,
  To the dying hour of silence and dread;
The changing prospect once so gay,
  And dark clouds gathering overhead.
I pause in the meadows, where oft I have been,
  And pluck the gentle modest flowers,—
Or watch the azure sky serene,
  As in my youth's first sunny hours.

The loved, the lost, come back once more,
They are with me here,—I am not alone:
They are speaking now as in days of yore,
And are not sleeping 'neath graveyard stone.
If far away o'er the distant sea,—
They are back to-night from that far-off clime,—
I clasp their hands, their forms I see
As in the long-past happy time.

They go with me through the silent hours,
They noiseless move 'mid the hush profound;
We meet once more in summer bowers,
Or gather pleasant hearths around.
They wander not o'er desert plains,
With weary feet and hearts oppress'd:
For now, while midnight stillness reigns,
They are with me here—the loved and best.

THE LADY'S CHOICE.

"Ne countez ne sur les carresses ni sur les protestations excessive; elle sont ordinairement de courte duree."

Two Knights came to a lady's bower;
One, sighing, bent his knee,
Saying—"Wilt thou, fairest of the fair,
Bestow thy love on me?

"For thou art dearer than my life—
The day-star of my soul;
My hope! my joy! my love and bliss!
Thou dost comprise the whole,"

Her jewelled hand he fondly pressed,
And whispered words of praise;
The other Knight the beauty viewed
With wrapt and loving gaze,

Then bowing low he softly said:
"Few words suffice to tell,
That I will ever constant prove—
I 've loved thee long and well."

The fair one loved the flatterer best,
She lightly turned away:
"Sir Knight, my choice is wisely made,
I cannot bid you stay."

He met his haughty rival's smile
Of triumph and delight;
Then from the morning presence dear,
He passed into the night.

Where swords flashed high on battle field
He won a glorious name;
The valiant theme of countless lips,
The trumpet sound of fame.

Supported on a soldier's breast,
He breathed away his life;
While happy visions of the past
Rose 'mid the war's wild strife.

He saw again his native home,
The cottage and the vine;
And all the merry vintage cheer—
His home upon the Rhine.

But clearer far rose on his sight,
The form since childhood dear;
To catch his words, the sorrowing friend
Bent down his listening ear:

"If thou art spared, oh! go to her,
My dying words to tell,
The same I said in parting hour—
'I've loved thee long and well.'"

The lady sat in solitude,
And wept the hours away;
She waited for her love's return,
Why doth he thus delay?

She watched in vain: he never came,
And so the years rolled on;
The smile from lip and eye had fled,
Each hope on earth was gone.

At the castle-gate a stranger paused,
A soldier by his mien,—
With sunburnt brow and many a scar,
Hard service he had seen.

"I crave to see your lady fair,"—
He told the porter old,—
"I've travelled many a lonely mile,
I'm weary, faint and cold."

They brought him to the lady then,
Who looked so wan and pale;
She kindly gave him welcome sweet,
And waited for his tale.

With lowly reverence bending there,
"From battle field," he said,
"I come, with message from true Knight,
Who lies in blood-stained bed.

"He bade me bear his parting words,—
The soldier bravely fell,—
Dost thou remember them? they were;
'I've loved thee long and well.'"

The lady clasped her hands and cried
"Too late! I know his worth,

The protestations falsely made,
Destroyed his peace on earth.

"If wise my choice, he yet had lived,
His loss I now deplore;
Sad as my own—who may perhaps
A longer time endure,

"To expiate the bitter wrong;
Repent, that light words vain
And lightly spoken, won my love,
Inflicting bitter pain

"On one so noble and so true;
And will he never know,
How I lament his early doom
And my unending woe?"

Earth was a desert evermore;
Unheeded, wealth or pride;
A few more years of splendid grief,
And then the lady died,—

Leaving a world so rayless, cold,
Bereft of sun or light,
To meet again that noble soul,
In realms more pure and bright.

THE END.